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# BOOK OF POEMS

*By*  
*Catharine*  
MARY C. PLUMMER

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*no,*

## FATHER, I THANK THEE.

Father, I thank Thee, for this life,  
Full of joy, and full of strife,  
And if the latter is thy will,  
Impatient heart of mine be still;  
For Jesus is my own true friend,  
And he will guide me to the end.

Father, I thank Thee, I know not how,  
It is Thy all unfailing power,  
That keepeth me, from hour to hour,  
O God, I fain would feel it now,  
Teach me to love and praise thy name,  
Lord, let Thy goodness o'er me reign,  
And when at last this life is o'er,  
With Thee I'll dwell forevermore.

## A MOTHER'S PLEA.

Now, that I am old and gray with age,  
Forsake me not, my child,  
For 'twas thy mother's tender care,  
That kept you all the while.

Cast me not into a corner,  
And say, "Stay there, your time is o'er,"  
For mother's love will ne'er diminish,  
Each day she loves you more and more.

Then, to my fleeting years be patient,  
For time has had its way with me,  
And soon beneath the sod I'll slumber;  
Yes, there to spend eternity.

## EARTH'S DARK DAY.

Why look so sad, old earth?

Your clouds are hanging low,

You look as though you're going to weep,

What has disturbed you so?

Oh, yes I plainly understand,

Your hidden secret I know,

You're wondering if the selfish folk

Would be pleased with rain or snow.

Now do not ponder quite so deep,

But make your worry less;

Remember that 'tis God above

Who sends down what is best.

## 'TIS EVENING TIDE.

'Tis evening tide, and chirping birds

To their snug little nests are flying;

'Tis evening tide, and the Master calls

To sinful souls still dying.

'Tis evening tide, and wearied workers

Homeward tread so wearily;

Hark! I hear one softly singing:

Lord, in Thy mercy, shelter me.

## THE SEWING CIRCLE FOLKS.

Like flowers along a wayside hedge  
That grow in peace together,  
These folks for years have come to sew,  
Through rain and sunny weather.

Martha, the leader of them all,  
A little blue-eyed blonde,  
Within her wealth of sunny hair,  
A curl or two is found.  
And Emma she a blonde is, too,  
Who does not own such hair,  
But in her smiling countenance  
Good traits are written there.

Then Ella, she is one of those folks  
The world is proud to know;  
A smile is always on her face,  
No matter how winds blow.

Then, last, but not at all the least,  
I speak of dear Miss Nettie;  
You are gentle and kind,  
You are thoughtful and true  
The good work of the circle  
Depends greatly on you.

God, in his wise judgment,  
Cause this circle to be—  
Lord, teach them to know  
That success comes through Thee.

## THE BABBLING BROOK.

Tell me, little babbling brook,  
Of the song you sing  
As you flow through hedge and nook,  
Let your sweet song ring.

I have stood one half an hour,  
Listening to your chatter;  
All that I can understand  
Is just: Splatter, splatter.

You say if I should place my ear  
Near your pretty dimple  
I could hear your lovely song,  
So beautiful and simple.

Yes, now to me it is quite plain  
What a lovely sweet refrain!  
Words are, though today comes rain,  
Sunshine will return again.

## SPRING'S PROMISE.

You promised you would come back again,  
With your balmy air and beauty;  
You promised to bring the dear little birds,  
O, Spring, how well you attend your duty.

'Tis now I feel your near approach,  
As I walk along life's pathway,  
The chirping birds and fragrant flowers,  
The swaying trees, and budding bowers.

The rippling brook and peeping grasses,  
Rompng boys, and laughing lasses,  
Cupid, with her magic power,  
Playing upon the hearts of men.

Sunbeams dancing in the places  
Where the winter's frost has been;  
Tells me, happy, joyous Springtime,  
That you're gently coming in.

## I LISTENED.

I listened to a bird's sweet song,  
One balmy day in May;  
The world is full of lovely things,  
To me it seemed to say.

But you must keep a happy heart,  
To find this always true,  
For dark clouds cover sunlit skies,  
And fade away the blue.

I listened to a song from man:  
The tone was loud and clear;  
The trials of life are very hard,  
He sang, and shook with fear.

'Twas then I sang a little song,  
To satisfy my heart:  
O, Jesus, draw me close to thee,  
My comforter Thou art.

## YE HAPPY LITTLE BIRDS.

O ye happy little birds,  
That circle through the air;  
Would that I your life could lead —  
Not a sorrow, not a care.

Happy every fleeting hour,  
As you fly from bower to bower,  
Chirping tones of mirth and glee,  
Praising God who keepeth thee.

Some day happy little birds  
You will fly so high,  
Until you reach the heaven of heaven,  
And, to me, you'll sing good-bye.

## THE FLAG.

Flag of our country,  
With your stripes—red, white and blue—  
I love your gentle motion  
When the strong wind touches you.

Your lovely stars remind me  
Of the element at night;  
The blue is the sky serene,  
While the stars give out the light.

Your broad red stripes is the glowing sun,  
The white is its beaming rays,  
Flag of our country—red, white and blue—  
Old Glory we'll ever praise.

## YOU ARE MY FLAG.

Ye little stars and stripes,  
Why should I not claim you?  
Did not my fathers fight,  
With loyal hearts and true,  
All for you?

Men say I have no right  
To say that you are mine,  
But I deny their saucy words;  
To me you are divine.

Then let each little child,  
Of Freedom's birth,  
Be taught to love the stars and stripes  
For all that they are worth.

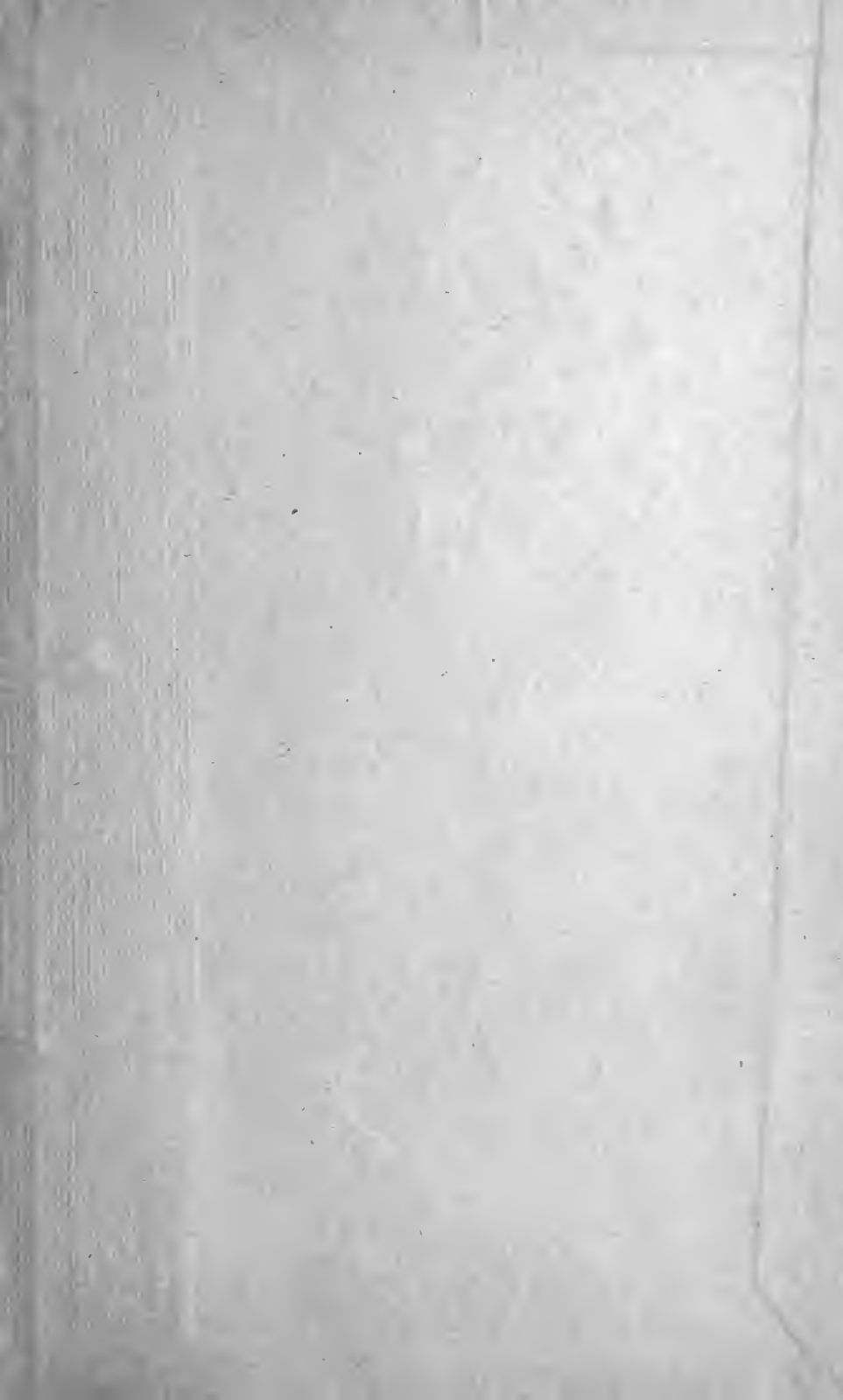












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